THE WORLD.

NUMBER LXXXII.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *July* the 25th, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

IT is a received opinion amongſt politicians, that the ſpirit of liberty can never be too active under a conſtitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would deſire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preſerved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and oppoſition to the moſt innocent meaſures of the legiſlature. The clamour againſt the alteration of the ſtyle ſeemed to be one of theſe inſtances. The alarm was given, and the moſt fatal conſequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered ſtrength in it's courſe, and received a tincture from the remains of ſuperſtition ſtill prevailing in the counties moſt remote from town. I knew ſeveral worthy gentlemen in the weſt, who lived many months under the daily apprehenſion of ſome dreadful viſitation from peſtilence or famine. The vulgar were almoſt everywhere perſuaded that nature gave evident tokens

of

of her diſapproving theſe innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing ſtars were ſeen to appear upon this occaſion; or that armies were obſerved to be encountering in the ſkies: people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to controul the ſun in his courſe, would aſſume equal authority over the inferior conſtellations, and not ſuffer any aerial militia to aſſemble themſelves in oppoſition to miniſterial proceedings.

THE objection to this regulation, as favouring a cuſtom eſtabliſhed amongſt papiſts, was not heard indeed with the ſame regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legiſlature from paſſing a bill of the ſame nature; yet many a preſident of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again in Smithfield before the concluſion of the year. This popular clamour has at laſt happily ſubſided, and ſhared the general fate of thoſe opinions which derive their ſupport from imagination, not reaſon.

IN the preſent happy diſpoſition of the nation, the author of the following verſes may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal perſonage, without ſeeming to ſtrengthen the faction of real parties; without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen; or bringing a ſcandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publiſher of a libel againſt the ſtate. This ideal perſonage is no other than the OLD MAY-DAY, the only apparent ſufferer from the preſent regulation. Her ſituation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; ſince the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herſelf by at leaſt eleven days. I am, ſir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

E. L.

THE

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uproſe the gentle MAY;
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heav'n's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the ſummer's copious ſtore.

Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte;
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to MAY *and* LOVE'S *myſterious rite,*
*Bruſh the light dew-drops * from the ſpangled lawn.*

To her no more AUGUSTA'S ‡ *wealthy pride*
Pours the full tribute from POTOSI'S *mine;*
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her ruſtic ſhrine.

No more the MAYPOLE'S *verdant height around*
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

Sudden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd—
" O! chaſte victorious triumphs, whither fled?
" My maiden honours, whither gone," ſhe cry'd?

Ah!

* Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.
‡ The plate garlands of London.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and ſmiling ocean ſaw me riſe,
With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.

Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate ſprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

SPACE *in her empty regions heard the ſound,*
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

Forever then I led the conſtant year;
Saw YOUTH, *and* JOY, *and* LOVE'S *enchanting wiles;*
Saw the mild GRACES *in my train appear,*
And infant BEAUTY *brighten in my ſmiles.*

No Winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace ally'd,
Three ſiſter SEASONS *danc'd th' eternal green;*
And SPRING'S *retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd*
With AUTUMN'S *bluſh, and* SUMMER'S *lofty mein.*

Too ſoon, when man prophan'd the bleſſings giv'n,
And VENGEANCE *arm'd to blot a guilty age,*
With bright ASTREA *to my native Heav'n*
I fled, and flying ſaw the DELUGE *rage:*

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vaniſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the watry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My ATALANTIS * *ſunk beneath the main.*

No

* See Plato.

No longer bloom'd primeval EDEN'S *bow'rs,*
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' HESPERIAN *ſleep:*
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft' deſcending to the languid earth,
With quickning pow'rs the fainting maſs ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumbring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo caught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the MUSES, *crown'd my lofty brows.*

But chief in EUROPE, *and in* EUROPE'S *pride,*
My ALBION'S *favour'd realms, I roſe ador'd;*
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes deny'd,
From AMALTHEA'S *horn with plenty ſtor'd.*

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My raviſh'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal ſong.

O ſay what yet untaſted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lillies fairer, vi'lets ſweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a ſofter ſtrain?

Do morning ſuns in ruddier glory riſe?
Does ev'ning fan her with ſerener gales?
Do clouds drop fatneſs from the wealthier ſkies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And CYNTHIA, *riding on the car of night,*
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale,